

## **Stranger Things 4 by LadyHuntressOfBedlam**

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Adventure, Sci-Fi

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven/Jane H., J. Hopper, Joyce B., Mike W.

**Pairings:** Eleven/Jane H./Mike W., J. Hopper/Joyce B.

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2019-07-07 10:49:38

**Updated:** 2019-07-15 10:55:37

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 18:59:10

**Rating:** T

**Chapters:** 3

**Words:** 3,695

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** My version of Stranger Things 4 because I'm having Stranger Things withdrawal. [Rated T for cursing and stuff like that. Might go up later, but for now, it's not.]

## 1. Prologue

Hopper didn't know where he was, but if he had to venture a guess, he was somewhere in Russia considering that it was cold as hell and he only ever saw Russians and the food was hell.

At least he was alive. If you could call what he was doing 'living.' Being alone and imprisoned by people that he couldn't understand was maddening. Being left alone with his thoughts was the last thing he needed. He didn't know what had happened to El, what happened to Joyce, what if blowing up the machine had worked to close the gate. He didn't know any of it, and he assumed the worst, no matter how much he tried to be optimistic, his thoughts went to the worst. He couldn't even talk to the other prisoners because he didn't speak Russian.

Outside his door, there was a clamor between another one of the prisoners and what he assumed were Russian guards. There were yelling and scuffling before the voices faded away.

He didn't know what time it was. Time lost all meaning in his cell. He paced so much that he was wearing tracks into the concrete and the fact that his was the only voice he ever heard that he could understand drove him mad.

Because there was nothing else to do, he worked out a lot more than usual. Pushups, situps, lunges, even goddamn stretching. Anything to help with the pinching cabin fever.

It was a day like any other. If it was the day, at least, he couldn't tell anymore, but he was tired and decided to curl up in his cot. It wasn't comfortable, but it was all that he had.

He was about to nod off when, for the first time, he heard a new voice. A voice he could understand that wasn't his own.

The new voice asked, "American?"

Hopper opened his eyes with a jolt and found himself in a black void. There was a hand on his face, light as a feather, and only partially

there. Like he was being touched by a ghost.

There was a face in front of him. It was a young girl, about thirteen or fourteen years old, with bright blue eyes and golden hair buzzed to be only about half an inch long.

"Am I...dreaming?" Hopper asked once he was able to find the words.

The girl grinned, revealing small white teeth behind her peach colored lips. "No. You're awake, and the American."

"Yeah...yeah, I'm an American. Who're you...and what do you want?" he grumbled, not entirely trusting the situation he found himself in.

"Run away," she said.

His face twisted with confusion. "You're telling me to run away, or you are a runaway?"

The girl shook her head, "No. I can't run away. Not alone. You can't run away alone. Together we have a chance, which is better than forever in this prison."

"Why should I trust you?" Hopper asked.

"American," the girl said, pointing at herself.

"Then how did you get here?" Hopper asked

Shrugging, the girl said, "I don't know. This place is all I know."

"What's your name, kid?" Hopper asked.

"It depends. If they don't know English, they call me Devyat. If they do speak English, they call me Nine," she answered.

"What does Devyat mean?"

"Nine," she answered.

After a moment of consideration, he said, "If you are I are busting out of here together I'm not calling you Nine," Hopper said.

Nine grinned at him and said, "We'll figure something else out."

"When is this happening?" Hopper asked.

"You'll know when," she said. "Stay ready."

Nine took her hand away, and the void was ripped away, leaving him back in his room, alone. Despite his mind telling him that he was going insane and having delusions, but there was a shred of hope inside him still. He just had to hold onto that.

*Hopper is alive. Try and convince me otherwise...but you will fail. Don't take my hope from me. Also, if you've read my Stranger Things/It crossover story then you'll recognize Nine and probably see where this is going, but shh. Spoilers.*

## 2. Familiar Faces

El yawned as she entered her house. It had been a long day at school. Will had been helpful getting her all caught up, but despite that, she was still a year behind where she should have been, but that wasn't too bad. Will was still at school for AV club, Jonathan and Joyce were at work, so El got to have some time to herself.

She made a quick after-school snack - an Eggo with peanut butter - before she went into her room and threw herself on the bed so she could relax for a bit before she started on her homework. She was especially having trouble with science and history lately. If Will wasn't there to help her, she probably would have already flunked out of her classes. He was a good brother, and she was happy to have brothers now. A bigger family. It was good, but she didn't know if the cost of her new life was worth it.

She had lost her dad. She had lost Mike. Mike wasn't really gone, but he was a two and a half hour drive away. That was ten hours by bike. Thirty-five hours by foot. They talked at least twice a week, but that didn't matter. She still missed seeing him every day. She knew Will missed him too, and Jonathan missed Nancy. It was hard, but they all kept busy, so that made it easier.

El finished her snack and pulled out an essay she needed to work on after turning the radio on when the phone rang. With an annoyed sigh, she got off her bed and went into the living room to get the phone before the ringing stopped. She paused in front of the phone for half a second and held out her hand, willing the phone to spring into her hand. It didn't, and she picked up the phone.

"Hello?" she said.

"Yeah, is this the Byers residence?" a voice asked. The man on the other end of the line asked. He sounded impatient and almost annoyed, like her answering the phone was a hindrance to him.

"Yes," she said.

"Who am I speaking with?" the man demanded.

"Someone in the Byers family, Maurey," El snapped.

Maurey paused, processing the information before continuing, "This is El, isn't it? Sorry, kid, I just wanted to make sure that I had the right number. Is Joyce there?"

"She's at work," El answered. "Won't be back until tonight."

"Right," Maurey said. "Look, just let her know that I called."

"Why?" El asked. "Why did you call?"

"That's between Joyce and me and I would appreciate it if you stayed out of it, understand?" Maurey demanded.

El fixed her lower lip into a scowl, and despite how displeased she was with Maurey's demand, she was reluctant to agree to his terms. After that, he hung up on her. She glared at the phone before she slammed the phone against the receiver and stormed off to do her homework.

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"Suzie, come on!" Dustin said, unable to keep the whine out of his voice despite his best efforts.

"I'm sorry, Dusty Bun," Suzie sighed through Cerebro. "You know what I said about my parents. They're grounding me from...well...everything. They're taking my radio, my comics. My life is soon to be confined to school and Young Women's. I wanted to let you know. I just had to explain, so you understood."

"Young Women's?" Dustin asked. "What the hell is Young Women's?"

"Dusty, my parents are just outside. Don't use profanity. The last thing I need is for my parents to lecture me about how vulgar language is degrading and harmful," she chided him.

"Right, sorry," Dustin said. "What's Young Women's?"

"It's a youth group for my church," Suzie sighed. "We aren't supposed to date until we're sixteen so...my parents are pretty upset. I have to go to appointments with my bishop and repent as well."

"Repent?" Dustin asked. "For what?"

"For going against our doctrines, Dusty Bun," Suzie explained. "I've sinned, and if I ever want to be married in the temple, I need to make it right."

"Married in the temple?" Dustin asked slowly. "Why does it matter where you get married? And why are you concerned with getting married right now? You're fifteen, Suzie."

"Well, the temple is where you can get sealed to your family, and they do things like baptisms for the dead and endowment ceremonies. It's a beautiful place, really."

Dustin was at a loss for words. He never really asked Suzie more about her religion because he'd never cared. Now that he was hearing more about it, he was starting to feel uncomfortable. "Your church does baptisms on dead bodies?"

"Of course not," Suzie scoffed. "It's baptisms for people who have died, yes, but it's more a ceremony for their spirit. I'm sure there are missionaries around that would be happy to explain more to you."

"Yeah, I'll look into it," Dustin said, although he had no desire to do anything of the sort.

Suzie must have sensed the lie in his voice because she said, "I'm sure it's strange to you, but our faith is important to our family."

"But I'll talk to you again soon, right?" Dustin asked. "Just because we can't be together it doesn't mean we can't be friends, right?"

"I don't think that would be such a good idea. That would just make this harder," Suzie said. "You still have my heart, Dusty Bun."

The line went dead, and despite Dustin's efforts to get Suzie back on Cerebro, it was no use. He was sad and felt so alone. He wasn't expecting for him and Suzie to break up. It was perhaps for the best. A long distance relationship was hard, and they were still young. Everything would be fine, he didn't doubt that, but he felt like his world was falling apart.

The sound of Mike calling him through their walkies startled him, and it was then that he didn't want to cry. He was crying. He took a moment to collect himself before he answered, "Hey Mike, what's up?"

"Hey Dustin, are you busy? I finished with my homework early, and I was wondering if I could borrow Cerebro for a bit. Maybe we could hit up the comic book store after?"

Dustin bit his lip, fighting the urge to say that love was a lie, and eventually Mike would end up hurt like him. No, Dustin wanted to keep it to himself for a while. Maybe talk to Steve. If any of his friends would understand, then Steve would. He didn't need to bring Mike down with this.

"Sure thing, bud," Dustin replied. "I'll meet you at Cerebro."

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Nancy had fought literal monsters, brought down Hawkins lab, and sold the story about the 'rabid rats' from the previous year to the Indianapolis Star, where she and Jonathan both had an internship set up next summer. It would be amazing. A summer with just her and Jonathan in the city.

Not that it would matter if she died before then.

"Mom, please understand why I can't do what you're asking," Nancy pleaded.

Karen Wheeler rolled her eyes and said, "Nancy, it's one Friday night for an hour at the most. I really don't think it'll kill you to drive with Mike."

"I'm not going to be driving, though, mom," Nancy said. "You can't expect me to trust him behind the wheel."

"I said the same thing about you," Karen said. "Look, I'm trusting you and Mike alone, but your dad and I can just call off the trip if it's too much for you."

"Mom, stop," Nancy said. "It's your guy's anniversary, and Nana was so excited to get the week with Holly. You can't cancel your trip. I'll



do Mike's stupid driving hours, but if he crashes the car, you'd better kill him and not me."

Karen thanked her daughter before she got back to putting away the leftovers, and Nancy went upstairs to do her homework. After she finished with her math and science, she decided to get back to work on one of her college application essays. Early admission was going to be coming up in the next month.

She lost track of time after her mom had told her to go to sleep and didn't realize how late it was until she looked at the clock, realizing it was almost two in the morning.

Nancy slipped into her pajamas and decided to open her window a crack so there would be a breeze. She paused when she noticed that someone was awake, walking the streets. Curiosity got the better of her and she waited for the person to step into the light, trying to guess who was out so late.

When she saw not who, but what was out there she had to stifle a gasp. Taking care to be quiet, she rushed out of her room and across the hall into Mike's. When she dragged him out of bed he was still half asleep.

"What's your damage, Nancy?" he yawned.

"Look there," Nancy ordered, pointing at the figure, who had passed into the shadows again.

Mike yawned again, but did as she asked. "It's probably just someone looking for his cat or whatever," he grumbled.

She hit him on the back of the head and that was enough to wake Mike up. He was about to retaliate, but then the thing stepped into the light. It was about six and a half feet tall with long arms and legs

"Please tell me you see it too," Nancy asked, staring as the thing sniffed around, looking for something.

"Demogorgon," Mike was all that Mike could manage to say.

*so I had plans of doing chapters or episodes like there are in the show...but*

*I'm not doing that so you're just going to get them as they come...kind of. I'm not organized enough for that. Also, I feel like some people might be upset about Dustin losing his first girlfriend like that because long distance relationships are hard AF and having been raised Mormon myself I can assure you that Suzie's parents reacting to her having a boyfriend before she's sixteen AND who isn't Mormon isn't a stretch. Honestly, I feel worse for Suzie than Dustin because I have been there. Anyway, feel free to leave a review or subscribe and let me know if you like where this is going or where you want it to go or whatever. I'd love to hear from you and I will catch you next time!*

### 3. Blood In The Street

"You're late," Mike snapped as he answered the door to the basement.

"Well, excuse me," Steve said as he entered, stepping aside so that Robin could come in behind him before the door was shut behind them. "Some of us have jobs and shit." They were the last to arrive. The only ones in the party who weren't there were Will, El, and Jonathan. There wasn't any point in telling them. It wasn't like they could do anything from Indianapolis.

"This is important, Steve," Nancy chided him.

"Yeah, it looks like the whole gang his here, Nancy Drew," Robin teased before she found a seat, ruffling Erica's hair before she did so.

"Please don't call me that," Nancy groaned, still not entirely over the patriarchal bullshit at her old summer job.

"Is anyone going to tell us why we're here or am I just going to have to die of boredom before we find out?" Erica asked.

"Are you sure you don't want us to call them?" Nancy asked Mike, pulling him aside and keeping her voice low.

Mike looked back at the group. In some ways, they were a whole, but they weren't all there. He wanted to talk to El and tell her what they'd seen. He was itching to talk to Will. Nancy probably wanted to tell Jonathan what they had seen. Still, their reasoning for not calling them was sound. There wasn't anything that any of them could do from where they were. Shaking his head, Mike said, "It's time."

Will was doing his homework at the kitchen table when his mom arrived. She yelled out, asking if anyone was there, and he said that he was in the kitchen. He and El were almost always home. They both had trouble making new friends in the city, so they ended up sticking together and not ever doing much of anything. There were no woods to explore

"Hey sweetheart," Joyce said as she crossed the room to him and gave

him a kiss on the forehead. "How was the AV club?"

Will shrugged, "It was fine, I guess. I'm pretty sure Sam and James still don't like me."

Joyce pursed her lips together and tussled his hair before saying, "I'm sorry, sweetie. I'm sure they'll come around. Are El and Jonathan here?"

"I think El's in her room and Jonathan's at work," Will answered.

"Maury called."

Will and Joyce both jumped, surprised by El's sudden appearance before heaving a shared sigh of relief. "Maury called?" Joyce repeated. "Did he say why?"

El shook her head.

Joyce heaved a sigh. She and the kids had been in the city for more than a year, and there were more than enough things for her to worry about. Her new job didn't pay as well as the general store back in Hawkins did, she had another mouth to feed, and Jonathan would be leaving for college after summer was over. The last thing she wanted was a call from Maury Bauman.

"I'll call him back later," Joyce said. "I'm starving. How do you guys feel about pizza?"

Neither El or Will were convinced by Joyce's attempt to maintain her composure, but they all agreed that pizza for dinner would be good.

"Lucas," Mrs. Sinclair said as she entered her son's room. "Do you know what's gotten into your sister?"

Lucas looked up from his math homework and fixed his mom with a look. "What're you talking about?"

His mom gestured towards the window and into the backyard and said, "She's making something in the backyard. She said she 'has to build it.' Do you know anything about that?"

His blood went cold, remembering what El had said about Billy building something for the Mind Flayer. "She's probably just being weird, I don't know," he said, trying to keep his voice as nonchalant as possible.

His mom wasn't convinced, but she left anyway. After enough time had passed to remain inconspicuous, he rushed out of his room and into the backyard. What he saw made him stop dead in his tracks. "Erica, what the hell!"

"How is this not freaking you out?" Robin asked as she and Steve patrolled the roads. They'd agreed to go around the first night, and Nancy would patrol with Mike tomorrow. Not that any of them expected to see anything. It was still day out, and the Demogorgon or demodogs only ever came out at night.

Steve shrugged and said, "I don't know. I guess it should. I'm kind of just used to it at this point."

"I guess after what happened with Starcourt our normal is pretty fucked up," Robin said.

"Your version of normal," Steve said. "My normal has been screwed way longer than yours has."

"It's not a contest, Steve," Robin snapped.

With a smirk, Steve replied, "But if it were, I'd totally be winning."

Robin abruptly hit Steve on the shoulder to get his attention, pointing to a spot on the edge of the road. "Harrington. Blood."

Steve slowed down but didn't pull over, giving the blood stain a passing glance. "Yeah, it looks like someone hit a deer or something."

"Then where's the deer?" Robin countered.

Steve wanted to argue that the deer probably wasn't far off the road, but he also knew that things weren't always what they seemed. With an irritated moan, he pulled off the side of the street. There was a brief argument about Steve getting to wield the spiked baseball bat and not having a weapon for Robin, but it was quickly brought to an

end when Steve told Robin if she wanted a weapon she should have brought one, so Robin ended up manning the flashlight.

They followed the trail of blood about ten yards into the woods before the path abruptly stopped. There was another pool of blood, but there was no deer.

"That doesn't make any sense," Steve said, looking around for something. "Whatever got hit should be here. That's where the trail ends."

"Yeah, dingus, but there's nothing here," Robin said as she bent down to inspect the blood a little closer. "Harrington..." she began, her tone serious. "The blood's still warm."

Before Steve could inspect it himself, a Huskey burst out of the brush ahead of them, snarling and barking at them. Steve and Robin both tried to cajole the dog, but it wouldn't cease its aggressive behavior.

Steve raised his bat to swing at the dog, but Robin stopped him. "Dude, that thing's for monsters, not puppies. Let's just get out of here."

Steve reluctantly followed Robin back to the car and left. Neither of them saw the girl hiding in the brush with blood on her hands and dripping from her nose.